

Christmas Experiences

(By Abe Martin.)

Black December rushes in th' joyous holiday season, th' season when over heart is supposed t' be brimmin' over with real good cheer in th' anticipation o' th' Christmas festival, th' glorious annual festival when our souls are supposed t' be filled with th' beautiful an' lofty sentiment o' "Peace on Earth an' good will toward men," even good will toward the paperhanger an' th' clerk that calls us "brother." Christmas is th' one drive of all th' year when everybody is expected t' come across an' take chances on gettin' somethin' in return. Christmas is supposed t' be th' one great festival o' th' year when childhood comes int' its own, an' th' toy drum an' th' ear drum clash, when we get tangled up in electric trains, an' feel our way thro' th' cheap, yellow cigar smoke that fills th' livin' room, when our apple green plush Christmas necktie makes its first an' last appearance. Christmas is supposed t' be th' day th' celebrated annual turnover takes place—when ever slender, painted princess gits a piece o' "shinin' jewelry," an' ever thin-spined, belted Lothario gits a form-fittin' cigarette case.

Christmas is also supposed t' be th' one brief, fleetin' day out o' th' whole three hundred an' sixty-five when, thro' th' kindness an' thoughtfulness o' th' more favored, the faint smile o' gratefulness fits across th' wan faces o' th' poor an' distressed. But what Christmas really is are two widely different an' distinct entities. Th' beautiful time-honored anniversary has been so over advertised, so played up an' commercialized, that it has degenerated int' a grand yearly holdup. Th'ers been so much printed about choppin' early, so many suggestions about how t' select an' wrap an' mail, so much slush about th' beauty o' givin' so much harpin' about th' poor, tired clerks, an' so blamed much naggin' about th' whole blamed affair that th' month o' December has come t' be th' most dreaded month o' all th' year.

Spirit Departs Early

Folks jostle thro' th' stores more like they wuz huntin' a lid fer a certain kind o' stove instead o' a gift fer one near an' dear. Th' famous Christmas spirit deserts 'em before they git in th' elevator. From then on it becomes a fitful, desperate hunt. There's no time to decide. We must act quickly. Somethin' must be got an' got while th' gettin' good. Any kind o' cigars fer paw, any kind o' mug fer maw, th' first sled we come to fer Albert, an' any doll that squeaks fer Jean Ann. Th' ordeal o' tryin' t' find somethin' fer someone who you're afraid is goin' t' give somethin' t' you is even more maddenin' than tryin' t' shop leisurly an' cautiously fer jest th' very thing Ellie or Henry would like. Th' worst thing about shoppin' early is havin' t' hide an automobile from Robert or a bedroom set from Dorothy. Another deplorable thing about Christmas is th' long string o' people we feel we "ought t' remember" that we'd like t' forget. O' course, this don't require a great amount o' Christmas spirit, but it takes lots o' elbow grease an' self restraint. We kin go south an' miss winter. We kin flee t' th' highlands an' sidestep the flood, or go abroad an' skip a presidential election, but th'ers no escape from Christmas.

Memories of Other Days

As we grow older we feel a tinge o' sadness at Christmas time. Even with th' joyous shouts o' children an' th' happy, smilin' faces o' those about us we can't keep back th' memories o' other Christmases, memories o' th' dear ones who have passed beyond, memories o' th' old family circle way back in th' mist o' years. One blast o' a toy trumpet, on th' clear winter air brings that golden age back again—th' red swan's head sled, th' new mittens fastened t'gether with a strand o' yarn, our first copper-toed boots, th' little stockin's dangle from th' old mantel shelf, an' th' savory turkey dinner an' th' blue mottled dishes.

"I allus feels like a defeated candidate on Christmas day," says Tell Blinky. "Christmas is fine fer children an' lovers, an' it has some attractions fer mothers an' fathers, but fer th' old an' childless it's purty much th' same as groundhog day, 'cept th' banks are closed. I have th' clearest recollections o' our old Christmases at home. I remember so well our last Christmas. We had a reunion. Brother Bob and Sis come home. Bob wuz a big, blusterin' fellow—some kind o' promoter—an' he wuz covered with emblematic pins an' watch charms. It wuz his first time home in years. I kin remember how frail mother looked beside him as he clasped her thin, tired hands about his neck. Sis wore a big hat an' smelled like musk. It struck me she'd changed a lot. She didn't make enuf over mother t' suit me, an' she hardly looked at father. She went in th' old musty parlor and snooped around. "Same ole junk," she said as she looked at th' glass case that stood in th' corner. Then she picked up a little fancy box covered with varnished peach seeds that wuz on th' center table. In it wuz some old faded daguerotypes, an' underneath th' lid protected by glass wuz a lock o' raven hair—mother's hair when she wuz a girl. Then she picked up some crayon portraits. "Umph, th' ole folks must be stuck on 'emselves th' way they plaster th' walls with th' pictures."

"After while we all set down t' dinner an' I'll bet ther wuz ever kind

of a preserve under th' sun on th' table. I kin remember th' ole castor an' th' yellow bone handle butter knife an' th' blue tureen full o' mashed potatoes. Father et with his knife an' Bob kidded him about it, an' father called him a dude. After dinner we all went out t' th' barn t' see th' new colt—all but mother. She cleared th' kitchen up. Then it wuz long till Bob begin t' consult his big gold huntin' case watch an' Sis got restless. They wuz both t' leave on the same evenin' train an' mother wrapped up some cold turkey an' things fer 'em t' eat on their way.

Party Breaks Up

"Me an' father hitched up th' ole green sleigh, an' it wuz long till we wuz all on th' way t' th' station at Bloom Center. As we turned th' corner at Kaylor's mill I looked back. Mother wuz still standin' at th' front gate, an' high on th' hill behind her wuz our tall, bleak, unpainted house an' cedars silhouetted against a red winter sunset. I kin see father hunchin' ole Nell behind th' grain elevator where she couldn't see th' cars. I remember she overcoat wuz turnin' brown on th' shoulders. Father wuz given t' makin' over any buddy, but I recall that he put his arm about me on th' way home an' told me he wanted me t' allus stay at home with him an' mother. I thought I saw tears in his eyes. That wuz our last Christmas at home. Before another Christmas rolled around mother an' father an' Bob had crossed th' silent river—an' Sis, too, so fer as I ever knowed. As Miss Fawn Lippincott said, "Th'ers three kinds o' Christmases: white, green—an' blue."

But Christmas is an established institution an' we must meet it bravely, an' give freely o' pink, initialed ivory-ette mirrors, marked up iridescent four-in-hands, glossy veneered ninth district cigars, heliotrope muffers, three-dollar (wuz fifty cents) handkerchiefs, celluloid cigarette holders an' et cetera. Th' spatted an' touped bachelor'll receive a dull book from some faded sweetheart, an' th' spinsters with th' youthful ankles an' temples streaked with silver'll receive some triflin' remembrance from someone she might have married if she'd played her cards right, but ther'll be no thrills as in th' long ago. Father'll give mother a check an' mother'll give father a charged wall-paper shirt with thirty-eight inch sleeves, an' they'll both give grandmaw somethin' fer her shoulders as she already has an easy chair left over from last Christmas, an' so on.

Durin' th' holidays th' stores smell like th' inside o' a curly headed janna's hat. An' then, too, th' holidays allus usher in a fresh crop o' green clerks that don't know where anythin' is. Sometimes when we push our way thro' th' crowded stores in quest o' a fountain pen or a pair o' clocked sox we git t' thinkin' o' th' tired overworked clerks, an' decide t' send a Christmas card instead. One o' th' very worst things about Christmas shoppin', next t' standin' in th' slush waitin' fer your wife to come out o' th' store, is snappin' your cerebral cord tryin' t' read th' reverse side o' a price tag in a show window before venturin' a store.

SHAM, FRAUD AND FARCE

President Harding is trying to win over the agricultural bloc to the ship subsidy bill by urging a liberal program of farm credits to help the farmers and put them on an equal basis of governmental favoritism with the shipping interests and the tariff barons.

We do not overestimate the intelligence of the farm bloc in Congress. When it accepted the sham tariff on farm products which did nothing but help a few farmers on the Canadian border as compensation for high tariffs on factory products which will drain the pockets of all farmers it forfeited high respect for intelligence. If, however, it accepts a program of farm credits in exchange for support of the ship subsidy bill, which will lay taxes upon all the people for the benefit of a few shippers, the bloc will prove an utter lack of intelligence.

We are not opposing reasonable farm credits to aid in establishing and expanding the farming industry, to enable farming to stand on its own feet in time, but of what avail are farm credits without profitable markets for farm products? It would be futile to extend credit to business enterprises where there is not sufficient business to keep existing business houses afloat, or to industrial concerns which have no markets upon which to keep going.

The point made by the Post-Dispatch, when the President proposed the ship subsidy bill, has never been met and cannot be met except by confession of incompetence. Why a ship subsidy when Congress has passed a tariff law which kills foreign trade which is necessary to the support of an American marine and a prohibition law which keeps passengers off American liners? Can we keep carelessness and passengerless ships afloat? Will the people submit to be taxed to support unprofitable ships in order that favored manufacturers may enjoy profiteering privileges and fanatics may enforce fantastic and tyrannical rules on the high seas?

The truth is the administration program, taken as a whole, is a sham and a fraud. To take care of its backers, the tariff barons, the administration gives them tariff privileges which destroy foreign trade and enable them to gouge the consumers; to build up the American marine, which must have foreign trade to keep going, it proposes a subsidy; to obtain the support of the representatives of the farmers to this trade-killing policy it offers sham tariffs and farm credits. Beyond this costly and deadly farce

Injunction Against Big Hog Ranch

Wm. A. Cooper, Prosecuting Attorney of Washington county, was here Monday in circuit court, in company with several other gentlemen from that county as witnesses, asking a permanent injunction against the continuance of the big hog ranch that has been in operation for some time, which lies along the Missouri Pacific railroad track, between Irondale and Mineral Point. This hog ranch, consisting of several hundred acres, is said to be owned by the Missouri Pacific Railroad Co., and while it has not been used as a hog ranch for some time, there were formerly several thousand hogs kept there at once.

While that hog ranch was in use, St. Louis garbage was hauled there on flat cars over the Missouri Pacific in large quantities, averaging, according to evidence produced in the hearing Monday, something like five or six carloads daily. Such garbage was invariably in a putrifying state before it was unloaded at the hog ranch, and the fumes, it is alleged, got to be practically unbearable for miles around, for both man and beast. It simply made living conditions, within wide radius of the ranch intolerable, and flies from the entire earth appeared to have gathered in such numbers as to almost craze all kinds of stock. The testimony was that it was an unspeakable nuisance.

The defense failing to make an appearance at the hearing, either personally or by attorney, Judge Huck decided that a temporary injunction that had previously been granted against continuing such hog ranch, should be made permanent. But no sooner had such injunction been granted than an attorney for the defense put in his appearance, and asked that such motion be set aside. Such application, of course, reopens the case, which will be docketed for hearing at the regular February term of circuit court.

SUNDAY AT THE CHURCHES

Baptist Church
G. C. Greenway, Pastor.
Sunday is "Go to Church" day. We hope that every one will accept the invitation to go to church somewhere. Sunday school opens promptly at 9:30. Be on time and enjoy the worshipful period.
Preaching hour at 11 o'clock. Subject: "Making Room for Jesus."
Junior B. Y. P. U. at 2:30 Sunday afternoon.
Senior B. Y. P. U. at 6:30.
Evening preaching hour 7:30. Sermon by Pastor.
Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.
The Sunday school will give their Christmas program Friday evening. We welcome you to worship with us.

Christian Church
Usual services next Lord's day. Decision day in Bible school and church. A Christmas sermon and entertainment Saturday at 7:30 p. m.
A welcome to all.

St. Joseph's Church (Farmington)
Xmas Program
Sunday evening, Dec. 24, 12 o'clock, Midnight Mass.

"Adeste Fideles" Glory to God, "Silent Night"—Boys' Chorus.
Soloists, Ashton Drury—Rose Mary Gottlieb, Norma Ruth.
Leonard's Third Mass in B flat—Mixed voices. Mr. B. T. Gentges, director. Mrs. Lee Rariden, organist; sopranos, Mrs. R. P. Lang, Misses Irene Lang, Genevieve Huss, Emma Effrein; alto, Miss Cecelia Gentges; tenors, B. T. Gentges, Fred Isenman, Geo. Beck, August Hemelgarn; basses, Riney Lang, Thos. Miles; violin, Miss Barbara Caroline Tullock.
Sermon by Rev. J. S. Kelley.
8 o'clock Low Mass.
10 o'clock High Mass—Leonard's Third Mass in B flat.
Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.
"Holy God We Praise Thy Name—Choir."
Everybody invited and everybody welcome.

LATEST ARRIVALS
At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sunday Lolios, on December 11th, a girl.
At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Loranze Hunt, on Dec. 11th, a boy.
At the home of Willard Wigger, on Dec. 15th, a boy.
At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Gegg, of Coffman, on Dec. 15th, a girl.
At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dave Barnett, on Dec. 15th, a girl.
At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Thomure, on Dec. 16th, a girl.
At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jess Turley, R. F. D. No. 3, on Dec. 19th, a girl.

It refrains from participation in the efforts to reconstruct and rehabilitate European exchanges, industry and trade, upon which we must depend for full prosperity in all lines of business. We not only refrain from helping European industry and exchange to get on their feet, by a policy of blind isolation, but we practically prohibit trade with Europe. Sham, fraud and farce never yet succeeded in government or business. They will fail now. The administration may force its policies through a discredited Congress, but the consequences will be disastrous to the American people. Without touching on the moral factor in this folly we shall soon feel its deadly effects. The harvest of the policies of isolation, trade destruction and privilege profiteering will be a bitter one.—Post-Dispatch.

Narrow Escape From Burning

The residence of Dr. W. A. Copeland, on Columbia street, had a very narrow escape last Thursday night from destruction by flames, and yet the nearest neighbors of the good Doctor did not know of it before the next morning, if indeed they yet know of it. About 11 o'clock Thursday night the Doctor detected odors of burning that did not smell right to him and immediately he began an investigation, to find flames coming through the floor from the basement.

He immediately became very active, and for some time, until the flames were under control, the things the Doctor did would have been most creditable to a much younger athlete. He said in the beginning he would love to have turned a fire alarm, but he had no time then, and after the flames were under control, there was no necessity for an alarm. But the Doctor worked hard, and to the best possible advantage for two hours, before being convinced the fire was entirely extinct. He had a small hose on the flames much of that time, and his basement was still flooded with water the next morning.

It is impossible to tell where fire will break out. Certainly no one at all acquainted with Dr. Copeland's careful habits would have ever thought of there being a chance of their obtaining a foothold to run wild on his premises. The joists and floor above and around his furnace are covered with sheet iron, and even his coal bin is covered with asbestos paper, to cut off the possibility of a stray spark causing ignition there. But the Doctor says that a fire sure had a start in his home last Thursday night.

PROSPECTS FOR AGRICULTURE IN 1923

Twelve months ago most of the six million farmers of the United States were starting on the long, hard climb out of the valley of economic depression. They have not yet attained the heights which are bathed in the grateful sunshine of prosperity. Some, indeed, have fallen by the way. Others are still in the valley. Nevertheless, as we stop a bit and look backward we can see that very considerable ground has been gained by the great majority, and we can enter the New Year with renewed hope and with that courage which comes from the realization that we are really making progress.

A year ago, when speaking of the prospects for farming in 1922, I said that while there was no reason to expect boom times for the farmer in the near future, there was promise of better times, both for the farmer and for those whose business is largely dependent upon him. The year has brought fulfillment of that promise. Speaking generally, times are better, much better, than a year ago, both for agriculture and for industry.

Crops have been good, on the whole. Prices of the major crops are mostly considerably higher. While there has been a corresponding advance in the prices of the things the farmer must buy, the total sum which farmers will receive for the crops of this year is greater by a billion and a half dollars or more than that which they received for the crops of last year. This will certainly mean better times on the farm, and farm folks will be able to ease up a little on the grinding economy they were forced to practice the preceding year.

The labor cost of producing the crops of 1922 was still further reduced. There were some substantial reductions in freight rates. Much helpful legislation has been enacted and more will be this winter. Interest rates are lower and the credit strain has been eased. This has made it possible for many farmers who were rather heavily involved to refund their obligations and get themselves in condition to win through.

There are still some dark spots. In some sections weather conditions were unfavorable and crops were short, and farmers in these sections are having a very hard time of it. Freight rates are still too high, especially for those who must pay for a long haul to market.

Taxes are high, but this is largely due to the increase in local taxes, over which farmers themselves must exercise control.

There has been gratifying growth in farmers' co-operative marketing associations, and more of them are being organized on a sound business basis. Aside from the help which has been given by legislation and by administration activities, strong economic forces are at work to restore a more normal relation between agriculture and other industries.

The peril in the agricultural depression is more keenly realized by other groups than ever before, and on every hand a sincere desire is being evinced to do what can be done safely to help the farmer better his condition.

Everything considered, we have good reason to expect still better things for agriculture in the year 1923.

Several new subscriptions have been received the past week, to be sent to relatives and friends as Christmas presents. Could anything be more appropriate, even though it might cost several times the price of a yearly subscription, than a copy of The Times presenting itself to the recipient each and every week during the entire year? Surely nothing within the reach of the average purse would be more highly prized by the recipient than just such a remembrance.

"Worse Than An Infidel"

Probation Officer R. C. Tucker the past week run up against a stump that severely tested his tires and narrowly averted a "blow-out", in the performance of his duties. He had been informed that there were several children living in the east-end of Farmington who were crying from hunger. He immediately went to the house that had been indicated to him as the place where these children lived. The man of the family opened the door to his knock, and Squire Tucker told him his purpose there was to find some starving children.

The man at once responded that his children had been hungry, but that he had just gotten some provisions from town, and they were then all right. It afterwards developed that the man had gotten credit for a dollar's worth of provisions, but the Probation Officer could not understand how such an amount of groceries could go far toward relieving the distress of a starving family, his wife also being in the house.

He naturally felt that something should be done in this case, but the husband and father appeared so mild mannered and certain that everything was all right, that Squire Tucker was at a loss to know how to make his approach. He finally decided that a little "rough talk" might afford an approach, so he told him that a man who brought children into the world and then permitted them to suffer from hunger should be taken out and shot. But that apparently also failed to touch the mark it was aimed at, as the fellow immediately came back in the most mellow-eyed and soft-voiced manner with the following quotation: "He that provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel."

What more could the Probation Officer do in the premises? What would you have done? Perhaps just what the officer did. He turned and "beat" it back to his office.

A Lemon Large as Grapefruit

The Times is indebted to Miss Emma Ferguson of this city, for the most splendid specimen of a lemon we have ever seen. Miss Ferguson left it on our desk Wednesday, and at first sight we mistook it for a grapefruit, it being fully as large as a fair-sized grapefruit. What makes it more deeply appreciated is that it is home grown, the tree that produced it being sixteen years old.

The tree this year matured five immense lemons, of which the one presented to The Times is a sample. Ap to supply a large house party with to supply a large house party with lemons for a week. Miss Ferguson stated that one of them will make a half dozen lemon pies. This is the kind of lemon we enjoy receiving.

Will Close All Day Christmas

The following business firms of Farmington will remain closed all day Christmas, in order to allow the proprietors and help opportunity to enjoy the yuletide holiday. All should keep this fact in mind:

Fischer Mercantile Company.
Karsch Shoe Company.
Klein Grocer Company.
Economy Cash Shoe Store.
Farmington Mercantile Company.
C. F. Rickus.
Morris Brothers.
Henderson Store Company.

PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION HOLDS MEETING

The Farmington Parent-Teacher Association held its regular monthly meeting in the Jefferson school on Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 3:15 o'clock. Many interesting topics were discussed and reports of committees received and considered.

Mr. Schramm, of the Schramm Bottling Company, it was reported, will supply the schools with straws for the milk. A note of thanks and appreciation was sent Mr. Schramm, as the Association feels grateful for this courtesy.

Miss Shrader, of the Public Health Service, spoke to the assembled mothers on the health conditions found among our children when the recent survey was made. After the holidays there will be further work along health lines, the serious points in the survey being discussed with the parents.

The banner was awarded to Mrs. Murrill's room. The Association will meet in the auditorium of the high school on Wednesday, January 10, 1923, at 3:15 o'clock.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

December 9th—
Wilbur Mitchell, Bonne Terre, and Ida Williams, Bonne Terre.
Everett Lewis, Gumbo, and Irene Husky, Gumbo.
December 10th—
Arthur S. Stacy, Flat River, and Nora E. Pope, Marquand.
Roy Copeland, Farmington, and Mary A. Williams, Farmington.
December 20th—
Geo. D. Gray, Flat River, and Melba Richard, Flat River.
Clarence A. Courtney, Bonne Terre, and Bessie May Pullen, Bonne Terre.

New Schedule of Electric Line

The new and greatly improved time schedule of cars on the electric line went into force last Sunday, and there is every assurance that that line will soon have back practically all the passenger service between this city and Flat River, which has been a total loss to that line since it began to circumscribe its service.

The passenger business that has been done by that line since last Sunday is most encouraging, not only to the managers of that road, but is equally pleasing to members of the Farmington Chamber of Commerce, as well as to every loyal and enterprising citizen of this community. Already there is a very noticeable falling off in the bus business, and it will probably not be long before the buses will be compelled to cease running between this city and Flat River. If they can afford to handle passengers at commutation fares exclusively, there may be a chance for one bus to continue to carry miners to and from their work; but not otherwise.

The rapidity with which the passenger business is coming back to the electric line shows that our people are loyal, and can usually be depended upon to do the right thing, at the right time. Especially pleased is the Times management, who is on record as believing the people could be depended upon to do the right thing, providing the management of the electric road showed that they wanted to do the right thing. The new time card appears in this issue of The Times. It would not be a bad idea to cut it out and paste it up where it could be conveniently consulted, at least until the present schedule becomes more familiar.

Big Interest Continues in Contest

Interest in the Missing Word contest continues at high water mark, and The Times management is exceedingly pleased with the work that is being performed by the many participants in that contest from week to week. It is unquestionably a meritorious work for all who are engaged in searching for the absent word. In fact it will prove to be a thirteen weeks course of most profitable study, not only to the participant, but often to the whole family, all of whom are often deeply interested in such meritorious drilling.

Quite a number failed to get the right word last week, which was largely caused by only the opening letter being stated. Then, too, it occurred in an advertisement the body of which was unchanged, except for the striking out of the single word. The correct word was "all", and occurred in the garage advertisement of Chas. Wines, between the words "give" and "patrons."

For the missing word this week we again feel it will be necessary to give only the beginning letter, which is "y". This is the only way we know to narrow the number of leaders down to a point where we hope it will not be necessary to split up the prizes, and there is absolutely no discrimination for or against anyone.

Oscar Rion Meets Terrible Accident

While engaged in sawing wood on his farm, a short distance north of this city, Monday evening, Oscar Rion met with a frightful accident and escaped sudden death only by a hair's breadth. It appears he had turned slightly from the circular saw before which he had been working, and in making the turn his heavy coat was caught by the teeth of the saw, and he was immediately jerked into contact with that frightful instrument.

The saw struck him in the forehead and circled around the side of his head to the back of his ear, cutting quite deep and severing a large artery in his neck. The prompt aid of an assistant, who immediately drew him away from the instrument of destruction, perhaps saved his life, as he is reported to be resting easy as The Times goes to press, and his physician entertains hope for his recovery.

Mr. Rion is an old and highly respected citizen of this community, and his many friends are hopeful that he may recover from his terrible accident.

COLLEGE AND FERTILIZER MEN MEET AT COLUMBIA

At a recent conference in Columbia, officials of the Soils Department, University of Missouri, met with about thirty representatives of companies selling fertilizer in Missouri, in order to insure intelligent co-operation in the campaign for the use of selected high-analysis fertilizers.

The University has announced a list of fertilizer analyses, which Missouri farmers are urged to use in preference to all others. At this conference the reasons for the selected analyses were explained and plans were made for concerted efforts to make their use state-wide.

College officials declared that Missouri farmers can save considerable money in their fertilizer purchases and increase their crop profits by buying only high-analysis fertilizers.

Miss Marie Wann, of Lutesville, will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Burford through the holidays.